A LITTLE SUNBEAM. Upstairs and downstairs, Pat her little feet; Climbing.

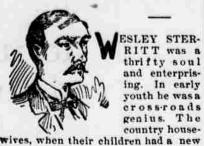
Chiming. All the happy day,
Hugging dolly close and sweet,
Teaching her to dance and play,
Up and down the stairs:

Like an April rain.
Paying calls to mamma's house—
Bows and smiles, and bows again.
Up and down the stairs!

Up stairs and down stairs,

Moves the golden head: Sunbeams always scattering Wherever she may tread—





hat or a new knife or the like, used to say at school time: "Go 'long, now, and don't let Wesley

swap with him at all." No casual observer would even suspect him of shrewdness-a fact which he turned to his own advantage in many a bargain-but Wesley had, as though Nature provided special compensation for the shortcomings of personal attractions, a peculiar indifference as to externalities, whether his own or those of other people. He val-ued above par that which he had and below par that which he had not; he was always in the attitude of consenting to an exchange rather than that of seeking it; he never fixed a price, and never accepted one as long as there was chance for a better. He was one of those people who could swap a bushel of corn for a bushel of corn and profit by the transaction, maintaining a reputation for fair measure and inch-for-inch honesty. He re-moved at sixteen from Flat Rock to Shiloh. He was rapidly advanced to forty dollars a month and then to partnership in a dry goods store. He soon became sole owner of the business. He added a line of school books and coffins, flourished for ten or twelve months, insured everything and got burned out. He went to Fairburn. He flourished, of course. He expanded, as it were, to the limit of his opportunities. Ilis enterprise was a revelation to his competitors. He had toys for Christmas, valentines for the 14th of February, flags for the Fourth of

"A leedle too sharp," some croakers said, commenting upon Wesley Sterritt's methods, intending to convey the idea that he might some day overreach himself-"jest a leedle bit too smart." There were rumors that he sold

whisky-very profitable that, because very risky, the town and county dry-but the grand jury never did anything with it, and Wesley continued to prosper. He attended church and Sunday-school regularly, ingratiating himself to a degree with the denomination which had most adherents in that neighborhood. Eventually he began speculating in cotton. He sent mysterious telegrams in cipher and received equally mysterious answers. The telegraph operator told all about it. confidentially. The rumor was speedily corroborated, as it could be in none but a small town where everybody knows everybody else and everybody else's business.

"He don't know how to let well enough alone," the neighbors said of "He's in too big a hurry to git rich. He's gettin' over his depth." Fairburn held its breath awhilethe expression is semi-figurative, of course-in expectation of a catastrophe, the sudden annihilation of Wesley Sterritt. The negroes, who heard the white folks whispering about it, looked for the earth to open up and literally swallow him. There was no financial crash, no crack of doom, no sensation of any sort. The man simply continued to prosper. The town rubbed its eyes and looked again, to be certain Wesley was still there, and then deliberately settled down to the conviction that he was a great financier-a man who could hold his ofen in conflict with the money with which she matched his grim hule ngs of Wall street. He came to mor. "An' what, may I ask, do you propose to do with me?" regarded as an oracle in the matter speculative investments. No list of rustees or directors could be complete rithout his name. He was offered the mayoralty and declined the honor. His store burned up, fully insured—a fact of which some envious people and the insurance adjuster, referring to the similar experience in Shiloh, made a suggestive coincidence—but Wesley collected the money and removed to Atlanta. Some people wondered why he didn't go on to New York at once, instead of stopping in a smaller place, s limited field, like Atlanta. What he should have done, or might have done,

One evening, after a good day's business, he went home in a thoughtful, silent mood. He had little appetite for supper. His wife—yes, indeed, he had a wife! It is strange how naturally one who knew Wesley Sterritt at this time might, in telling the story of his life, forget to mention the exstence of a Mrs. Sterritt. There was little about Mrs. Sterritt, except her existence, to be mentioned in that connection. Even in the account given by her old neighbors of the marriage the one time in her life when she had said "I will"-she was made subordinate and incidental to the consideration of a grist mill, which Wesley was commonly said to have married, the wife passing as a sort of incumbrance upon the property. Poor woman! Her identity, except the mechanical part of it, had faded away into there were over twelve hundred that of her husband—her mentality, if dancers in this antertainment.

are considerations foreign to the pur-

pose of this narrative, which is de-signed simply to record what he did

do. He started a business in Atlanta.

He was amply successful. He was dis-

that isn't in itself too positive a term, bore to his the relation of shadow to substance. She acquiesced, always acquiesced, simply acquiesced, in what

he said and did. Mrs. Sterritt noticed, on this particular evening, that something seemed to weigh heavily upon Wesley's mind, and she surmised that that something concerned her.

"Martha," said he abruptly, when she had finished with the dishes and begun with her knitting, as usual, "I'm goin' to buy that lot I was talkin' about yistiddy—the brick bo'din'house place j'inin' the church."

Mrs. Sterritt was vaguely startled and suspicious. He never made her a confidant in his affairs, and talked now as though it specially concerned her. Ae even looked as if he expected

her to make a reply.
"He's erbleeged to sell—the fellow I war talkin' to in the sto' when you was thar yistiddy," he continued pres-ently. "I kin git it fer twenty-two thousand dollars in cash. It's wuth easy a time an' a half that; easy."

Mrs. Sterritt continued her knitting in silence, never once looking up. The indications, she knew, were ominous. "I've got, say, \$14,000 of that. My credit is good, but not good enough,

Wesley looked closely at her face. She fumbled a bit at her knitting. "I can't be burned out again. must try something else. I must fail.

thrifty soul A great many people have failed, and enterpris- Martha. I must fail. I must put that ing. In early lot in yo' name." He explained the scheme in detail. She listened without comment until he

genius. The had finished. Then she folded up the country house- knitting and said quietter. "That's stealin.' I won't."

Wesley's face crimsoned. He was equally amazed and angry. She astonished him further before he could Sterritt trade you out o' that. Don't find words for his wrath by asking sternly: "Is what they say about them fires

o' your'n a fact, Wesley?" He answered with an oath. His face was pale now, and his fists were clenched. He controlled himself with an effort, and then said slowly: "If you won't, she will. I'll put the

lot in Dory Turner's name, an' you-. Glad enough she'd be. Now, Miss Righteous, will the lot be in yo' name He saw her flush at the mention of

Dora Turner's name. Her head and shoulders dropped for an instant as though she had been dazed by a blow. He had thought it useless to say as much as he intended to say, so confide...t was he that she would submit He asked triumphantly:

'Yo' name or Dory Turner's?" "Mine," she answered. She obeyed implicitly after that, signing papers as he directed. The fraud was consummated. Outraged creditors attacked the title, but unsuccessfully. The deed was good. Wes ey Sterritt owned property, in his wife's name, worth more than thirty thousand dollars. He calculated that all things considered, he had done well in business. He had only to sell the lot after awhile and begin again, probably in Nashville or Louisville. with a cash capitol which it would have taken years to acquire in legitimate business. Meanwhile the house was filled with boarders; the property was paying good interest. He could

afford to wait, to look about leisurely

for a purchaser and for an opportunity

"YOU MUST GO, WESLEY, GO NOW

with his wife from the courthouse on

"All over," he said. "The property

He laughed at his own wit, and

"All over," she repeated, thought-

"May I ask," he grinned, as the new

"Yes," she said, quietly. "I perpose

"You're comin' out," he said in mock

encouragement, noting the aptness

"To-day. Yes, I'll keep place. I'll

pay back what you stole an' keep the

Then the suspicion, and instantly

the certainty, got into Wesley Ster-

ritt's head that the woman was in

earnest-that she was crazy and would

do exactly what she said. Cold per-

spiration came out in beads upon his

face. He pleaded as he never pleaded

before. Mrs. Sterritt was inexorable

"Ain't my credit good for board,

There was no answer for that. He

looked to see that the window curtains

shut off the view from the outside and

"Wesley," she said, decisively, "you

That was ten or twelve years ago.

Mrs. Sterritt still keeps the boarding house. She has paid off what Wesley

stole, every cent of it with interest.

At long intervals there appears in At-

lanta a homeless sot, the meckest of

men, who goes there and asks for Mrs.

Sterritt. She gives him a meal in the

kitchen and says when he has finished

"You must go now, Wesley."-N. Y.

In 1489, at the marriage of the duke

of Milan, a ballet was presented of such magnificence that it was talked

of all over Europe. It is stated that

then got upon his knees.
"Martha," he whined. "Martha—"

and answered simply:
"You must go, Wesley."

"Mebbe-with Dory Turner."

must go now-go right away."

Advertiser.

idea occurred to him, "what you

propose to do with yo' property?"

"You must git out, Wesley."

to keep it, Wesley.

"When?"

place.

laughed at her puzzled, curious expres-

the day of the final decision

is mine. It's paid for, too."

"Is it all over?" she asked.

to locate elsewhere. He went home -"Why don't you go to work?" asked the woman who came to the door in response to Meandering Mike's knock. Madam." was the reply, "I do work I came all the way from town here. An' how did I do it? Walked. Lifted ap one foot an' set it down an' then lone the same with the other, an' repeated this operation over and over "Dear me!" exclaimed the woman, catching her breath. "Thet's the trouble with mankind. Fellow creatures is too much misunderstood. Ef I hedn't stopped ter enlighten yer mind I don't doubt ye'd hev gone ter yer lyin' moment 'maginin' ther guv'ment furnished us fellers with free bicycles."

> -Washington Star. THE MOSLEM.

Life and Manners of the People of the The European rarely sees the best of Moslem society. He easily makes acquaintance with the official class-the man who has learned in Paris and Constantinople to despise his religion and to ane the manners of the west-but he is, as a rule, debarred from entering the select circle of true Moslems of good birth and education, and he knows nothing of their estimate of civilization. The prophet warned his followers not to make friendships with Chris-

tians, often repulsive to the Moslem Those who have won admittance into such circles are charmed with the dignity, the courtesy and the simplicity of the eastern manner, and with the beauty of the ancient (and often half ruinous) houses where poor, proud gentlemen hide from the world with the unaffected piety and sobriety of life which distinguishes the best, with the taste and absolute cleanliness of dress and person, with the modesty of family life and the respect for age and rank But such life and manners distinguish the few and belong to a class of men, who, however respected, have little influence on either the peasantry or the ruling class. Even among these the most absurd superstitions are common, and pecation does not often go farther

The official class is for the most part not Arab at all. The pashas are sometimes pure Turks, distinguished for their good breeding and force of character; mostly they are of mixed race, their mothers being Georgians, Armenians Greeks. ians, Greeks. Europeans or slaves of various lower races. It is unnecessary various lower races. It is unnecessary to say that the majority of these are unscrupulous and corrupt men, utterly irreligious, and a curse to their country. It is only the strong and increasing influence of western civilization which at all holds in check a class which, as a whole, is cruel, greedy and utterly selfish.—Scottish Review

Not as He Meant It.

A temperance orator was describing to his audience how his own life had been influenced by total abstinence. "You know," said he, "that I am now chief of my department. Three years ago there were two men in our office who held positions superior to mine. One was dismissed through drunken ness, the other was led into crime, and is now serving a long term of imprisonment, and all through the influence of strong drink. Now, what, I ask," he cried, growing eloquent, "what has raised me to my present high position?"

"Drink!" was the voc ferous but unexcted reply which he received from a unber of the audience.—Pearson's A MOTHER'S STORY.

-The man who is not a friend will Happiness Conies After Years of -"Don't forget, then, Ann, that your master is a colonel." "O, I adore sol-Suffering.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-Curious.-Uncle Trestop-"There

s about the best laying hen I've got."

Miss Bleecker-"How many eggs does

cuses no one." Prisoner—"Humph! Den de jury's dead sure to find my law-

-Murat spent his boyhood in his

father's inn, and his youth in a theo-

logical college. He was destined for the church, but preferred the army.

-A Probability.-He-"Do you sup-

ose women would be any better if

-It is supposed that the fashion

among women of reading the final

pages of a novel first is due to their

predilection for the last word.—Boston

the conservatory at an evening party:

-She-"Do you admire black eyes or blue?" He-"The light is so dim here

ber's chair. "Well, my little man," said

the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?" "O. like papa's, with a lit-

-Mr. Sculptor-"Is the last bust of

your husband finished yet?" Mrs. Jaggs-"Well, I hope so. I found his

hat on the gas jet, shoes in the brush

tray, and him under the folding bed.'

-More Astonlshing Still.-Kennard

on a first glimpse of the sea)-"Aston-

ishing! Who would have thought there

could be as much water as that?"

only see what's on top."-Truth.

Inderhill-"True, and remember, you

-In a crowded street car an elderly

voman offers her seat to a still older

woman who has just entered. The lat-

ter exclaims, sneeringly: "O, you needn't get up! Compared with you, I am still young!"—Fliegende Blatter.

—Louis XV, of France was by his

subjects nicknamed the Well Beloved

in derision. His death was welcomed

with genuine enthusiasm by his people,

who were tired of his long reign and

-"My sympathies," said the effer

escing young woman, "are altogether

with the dear Japanese!" "So are our

hired girl's," responded the matron.

She believes that all China should be

eternally smashed."-Indianapolis Jour-

-Figg-"Did you ever think of it?

It is a curious expression, seeking a

woman's hand in marriage. As though

the hand were everything." Fogg-

"So it is. If you get the hand you get

the money. That's where a woman carries it."—Boston Transcript.

-He-"Is that your dog I hear howl-

ing so?" She-"Yes. Poor Hero is so

devoted to me he guards me all the

time, and won't even let papa put his arm

around me." He-"Faithful creature!

I can't bear the thought of his being

-A local band was one day playing

at Dumferline when an old weaver

came up and asked the bandmaster

what that was they were playing.

emnly replied the bandmaster. "Ay,

man," remarked the weaver, "ye ha'e gi'en him an awful death."-Dundee

chained on my account."-Vogue.

"That is 'The Death of Nelson,'

tle round hole at the top."-Tit-Bits.

I really can't say."-Demorest's.

-A bit of conversation overheard in

-A six-year-old was seated in a bar-

they had the right to vote?" She-"Probably not, but men would."-De-

never have one .- Ram's Horn.

the lay for a quarter?"-Puck. -Judge-"Ignorance of the law ex

yer guilty."-Buffalo Courier.

toit Free Press.

-Inter Ocean.

Transcript.

diers, ma'am."--Tit-Bits.

The Terrible Experience of a Well-Known Official's Wife-A Story That Appeals to Every Mother in the Land.

[From the Chattanooga (Tenn.) Press.] No county official in East Tennessee i better known and more highly esteeme than Mr. J. C. Wilson, Circuit Court Clerk of Rhea County, at Dayton, the home of Mr. Wilson. He enjoys the confidence and respect of all classes, and in the business community his word is as good as his bond. Just now Mr. Wilson is receiving heartiest congratulations from his numerous friends because of the restoration to robust health of his estimable wife, who has for years been a helpless invalid. Mrs. Wilson's high standing in society, and her many lovable traits of character have won her a host of friends, and her wonderful recovery has at-

tracted wide-spread attention.
As the Press was the medium of bringing to the invalid lady's attention the remedy that has effected her remarkable cure, a reporter was sent to Dayton to interview Mrs. Wilson, in order that the general public might have the benefit of the sufferer's experience and be made aware of the treatment that wrought such a marvelous change in her ondition. The reporter was welcomed at the Wilson home, and the enthusiastic lady with becoming reluctance gave the history of her affliction and the manner in which

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilson, "I was for eight years an invalid with one of the most distressing afflictions woman can suffer. For eight years I moped around, dragging my-self with difficulty and pain out of bed. My little ones went untrained and were greatly neglected, while I looked listlessly and helplessly at the cheeriess prospect before me and them. I suffered the most intense pains in the small of my back, and these seemed even greater in the region of the stomach, extending down to the groins. I suffered agony sleeping or awake. Despair is no word for the feeling caused by that dreadful sensation of weakness and helplessness I constantly experienced.
"I was treated for my trouble by several

local physicians, but they were able to give me only temporary relief by the use of sedatives and narcotics. I had almost given up all hope of ever securing permanent relief when I saw an account in the Press of a cure which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had effected. I decided to try them, as I knew the lady who had been cared and had great confidence in her statement. I began to take the pills in October, 1803, and in two months I was doing light housework and attending to the children without any bad effects or weakness, such as I had formerly experienced. Hitherto I had been unable to retain any food, but now my appetite grew stronger, and with it came back that old, healthy and hearty tone of the stomach. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me, and I assure Williams' Pink Pill's cured me, and I assure you the cure has brought a great change in our home. I can now rejoice in my husband's success, for I feel that I have something to live for. Who has a better right to feel this than a mother! One thing more. I have recommended these pills to others, and many of the women of Dayton have taken them with good results, and it is my greatest pleasure to recommend to every suffering woman a remedy that has done so much for me."

suffering woman a remedy that has done so much for me."

An analysis proves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in acondensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattlered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic crystpelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the Jazen or hundred and the wellitioned against numerous imitations sold them fast, and lay a copule of boards for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, of direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine

A Strong Reason.

She was having a confidential chat "I can never marry Harry Westlock." she said in a tone which implied that it was useless to talk about it. "I never

"And why can't you?" asked the aunt. "I'm sure I should think any girl would esteem it an honor to be Harry Westlock's wife. He is very wealthy, too. Why can't you marry

"Because he hasn't asked me to, and I know he never will."-Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Applying a Sure Test.

"Mr. Dinguss," said the young man, twirling his hat nervously, "I have called to ask you for your daughter Phœbe. I am not rich, but I have good business prospects, and-

"Young man," interrupted the parent, eyeing him keenly, "before we discuss this matter further will you oblige me with a loan of five dollars?" "I will not, sir," replied the youth,

"Then take her, my boy," said Mr. Dinguss. "You've got more sense than I thought you had."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Prayer Answered. Miss Jackson-Do yo' beliebe in pra'r,

Mrs. Johnson? Mrs. Johnson-Suttinly, Miss Jackson. Dar wuz only las' week an' not a t'ing in de house, an' I got right down an' prayed, an' in less 'n ten minutes in comes my son Abe wid a ham from Squire Barker's smoke-house, an' Sam wid a chicken from Squire Ketchum's coop, an' Mose wid a bar'l o' flour dat de storekeeper fo'got to took in when he locked up fo' de night. Whad yo' want is faith, child .- Judge.

Meteorological Item. Mr. Westerner - Beautiful climate we've got out west. Did you see that sunset last night?

New Yorker-Yes, I saw it. Mr. Westerner-Did you ever see a finer sunset in the east? New Yorker-No; the sun never sets in the east.-Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Disinterested Advice. Pros. Van Note-You vish to learn to blay de cornet, eh? Vy nod dake de mandolin insteat?

"Yah, may be so, but you vas not strong enough to learn de cornet." "I can manage it easily." "Yah, may be, but gan you manage de neighbors?"—Good News.

Facts of the Case.

Mrs. Gadabout—I don't believe that Dr. Newhand knows a thing about medicine. Mrs. Nextdoor—Why? Mrs. Gadabout—He told my husband

continent.—Answers.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Less Laborious.

ELECTRICAL PROGRESS. It Is Expected to Make Life on Farms

Part of the growing difficulties octry and the crowding of the cities will be remedied, perhaps, by six years hence—in that wonderful year 1901, which electricians set as a mile post of human progress-by the crowning of steam's rival. Machinery is rapidly taking the deadening drudgery out of farm work, is making it more profitable when conducted scientifically and on a large scale, and is causing it to attract the attention of city people who long for the healthful fields. Only the bodily discomforts of farm work have prevented an exodus from the cities to the country. Already electricity is turning its attention to the long-neglected farm work, and has discovered profitable results to be had by subjecting crops to currents of electricity. It is beginning to simplify the ponderous farm machinery, and as soon as the storage battery has received its finishing touches and can be applied to lightening the farmer's toil and increasing his profits, the farmer will be looked upon with envy by the prisoners of city streets and counting-house walls. Those particular effects of electricity upon farm machinery and farm life are, however, visible chiefly in the imagination at present, and are not at all likely to be realized in six years: but one great change may be looked for in this direction in the immediate future, and that is the improvement of the farmer's condition by means of good roads and the rapid transit which electricity is almost ready to bring, thus greatly enlarging his market and bringing him higher prices for fresher products. and also bringing him closer to the life and pleasure and stimulating effect of the city. There is to be a wonderful change in farm life in the more thickly-settled parts of the country in a few years, and rapid transit will be largely responsible for it.

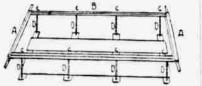
The cheap transmission of electrical power must bring soon many changes that will be felt in the city household. and perhaps the chief of them will be the abolition of the cook stove, as it is known at present. The small electric heater has already begun to take its place? and it is almost certain that even in six years coal will be banished from a majority of the kitchens in cities adjacent to water power, from which electricity is generated. When heat is wanted for cooking purposes it will be had at a moment's notice by the pressing of a button.-N. Y. Press.

HARVESTING THE CORN. New Hampshire Man Tells How He Has

Been Doing the Work. 1 plant my corn in sections of 13 rows, skip three, plant 12 more, skip three and so on. I plant potatoes, peas or anything that can be harvested before the corn in those three rows as shown below:

For a harvesting wagon I take the axle AA and wheels of my hay rigging and take two stout poles BB and attach them to the rocker and hind axle the same as to a hay rigging and then bore four holes CCCC in each pole. I then put four stakes D D D D in each pole underneath and let them hang down 18 inches from the top of the poles, then put the cross pieces on

from one stake to the other and pin



put one on each side. Put a piece in front and one behind and that forms a box. Use wooden pins or bolts to fasten the pieces together. This rigging is drawn to the first gangway, a bar driven in the ground and the horse hitched. I pick the ears of corn first and put them in this rigging. I take six rows on each side of the gangway and when I come to the next gangway I do the same and so on until the piece is covered. The ears of corn are put in a large open chamber and husked at my leisure.

Then I make a horse for shocking corn. Take a small pole and bolt the



legs to the pole and bore a hole for the pin. The cornstalks are shocked as I go along. I take six rows, three on each side of the horse, and bind the shocks with rope. There will be two rows of shocks in a section. I use the same rigging to draw my cornstalks to the barn and the shocks are easily taken off. 1 put my cornstalks just where I want them and do not disturb them until fed out. There is no waste in feeding. I do my work all alone without any help. This is the cheapest way and best to harvest the corn crop that I know of .- A. II. Watts, in Farm and Home.

A foreign account is given of the appearance in Schleswig-Holstein last summer of a stalk borer of the potato. The larvae enters the stalk near the ground, eating its way upward through the stem or downward into the roots, causing the destruction of the plant. The mature butterfly is described as thirty-two to forty milimeters across the wings (nearly one

Selling Poultry in Summer.

## Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

-Twenty-four carat gold is all good, twenty-two carat gold has twenty-two parts of gold, one of silver and one of opper, eighteen carat gold has ighteen parts of pure gold and three parts each of silver and copper in its omposition, twelve carat gold is half gold, the remainder being made up of three and one-half parts of silver and seven and one half parts of copper.

DESPERATE.—Clara—"Would you accept an apology!" Mamie—"Yes, anything, if it only looked like a man."—Truth.

THE MARKETS.

	New York, Sept. 10, 1891.
	Pamper P. Varies Stones \$4.95 St 4.90
	COURTON MINISTER 650 7
	FLOUR-Winter Wheat 2 40 % 3 15
	WHEAT No. 2 Red 085676 1976
	CORN-No.2
	OATS-No. 2 05 35
	PORK-New Mess
	ST. LOUIS
	COVERNOS AND ADDRESS OF 656
	HEEVES-Shipping Steers 5 00 85 0 10
	Medium 4 40 65 5 20
	HOGS-Fair to Select 5 75 @ 0 20
	SHEEP-Fair to Choice 2 25 00 3 9)
	FLOUR-Patents 250 @ 2 @
	Fancy to Extra do. 2 00 % 2 35 WHEAT-No.2 Red Winter . 501462 5114
	WHEAT-No.2 Red Winter . 5046 514
	CORN—No.2 Mixed 50 05 50% OATS—No. 2 05 30%
	CORN—No.1 Mixed 56 02 50 N OATS—No.2 66 30 N IYE—No.2 51 65 56
	TOBACCO-Lugs 450 % 10 00
	Leaf Burley 8 00 62 12 00
	BUTTER-Choice Dairy 16 65 2)
	EGGS-Fresh
	PORK-Standard Mess (new), 14 62346 14 75
	DACON-Clear Hilbs.
	LARD-Prime Steam 846 8%
	CHICAGO.
	CATTLE-Shipping 4 25 22 6 00
	HOGS-Fair to Choice 5 95 62 6 60
	SHEEP-Fair to Choice 250 @ 350
	Figure Winter Patents 2 20 05 2 20
	OATS-No.2
	OATS-No. 2 6 3014 PORK-Mess (now) 14 10 6 14 25
	KANSAS CITY.
	CATTLE-Shipping Steers 4 25 @ 6 00
	HO (S-All Grades 5 50 % 6 20
	WHEAT-No 2 Red 45555 47
	OATS-No. 2 30% & 319
	CORN-No. 2 53 25 134
	NEW ORLEANS
	ELOTED Block Charles 9 41 50 2 50
	CORN_No. 2 67 G 68
ì	OATS-Western
,	HAY-Choice 15 00 Et 16 00
	HAY—Choice 15 00 Et 16 00 PORK—New Mess 6, 14 50
	HACON-Sides 85
	COTTON-Middling & 69
	LOUISVILLE
	WHEAT-No.2 Red 5154@ 525
	CORN-No 2 Mixed 57 @ 185
١	OATS-No. 2 Mixed (New) 31466 324



A MAN lately confined in a Scotch fail for cattle-stealing, managed, with five others, to break out on Sunday, and, being captured on one of the neighboring hills, he very gravely remarked to the officer: "I might have escaped, but I had conscientions are pless about traveling on Sunday."—Tit-Bi

The custard pie is the poor man's natural dessert. There is no aristocracy about the custard pie. That is to say, no upper crust.—Bostor Transcript.

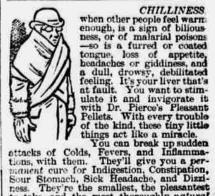
Home-Seekers' Excursions. On Sept. 11, Sept. 25 and Oct. 9 the Bur-lington Route will sell excursion tickets to all points in the Northwest, West and Souti.

west, at one fare for the round trip, plus \$

When a man plays cards for a stake becometimes gets a roast.—Philadelphia Ro

GLENN's Sulphur Soap is a genuine remdy for Skin Diseases. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

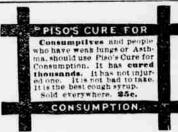
Wire—"What can I do to please my ow. little hubby on his birthday to-morrow? Hubby—"Sell the plane."—Truth.



ness. They're the smallest, the pleasantest to take, and the most thoroughly natural

You ought to be warned against the mal-treatment of Catarrh in the Head, with poi-sonous, irritating nostrums. They can't cure it. They simply remore it—drive it to the throat and lungs. For a thorough and complete cure of Catarrh, take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.





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CLAIRETTE SOAP MADE THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, STLOUIS.

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Now, why can't you look at that other oldfashioned proceeding in the same lightwashing things with soap and hard rubbing. That's slow enough and tiresome enough, everybody nows, and it's not as safe as washing with Pearline. It's really destructive, in fact, the wear of that constant rubbing. Break away from these antiquated ideas. Use modern methods. Pearline saves at every

point. Send Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddles it Back and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back. 457 JAMES PYLE, New York

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINE SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCH

and one-half inches), of a clear red dish brown or copper color, with dark border spots. The larvae is common on glyceria, atriplex, carex, fris, reeds and the roots of petasites. It is assumed that it is likely to become de-Youth-I like the cornet better. structive to the potato. No means of repression are suggested. During the warm season there is a large loss of fowls that are sent to market in coops. The coops should be light and open, and the top covered with heavy muslin as a protection against the sun. Provide water-cups,

not only at each corner, but also at the that all I needed was a rest in some quiet country place, when he knew that I was just dying for a tour on the sides. Never ship so as to allow the birds to reach the market on Friday or Saturday, as it may compel them to re-main in the coons until Monday.